

# The Musical World.

(REGISTERED AT THE GENERAL POST OFFICE AS A NEWSPAPER.)

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SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

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**CRYSTAL PALACE.—THIS DAY (SATURDAY)**  
CONCERT AND AFTERNOON PROMENADE.—Mr. J. F. Barnett's "PARADISE AND THE PERL." Mdme. Vansini, Mdme. Patey, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Santley, and the Crystal Palace Choir. Conductor, Mr. MANNA. Admission 2s. 6d., or by guinea season tickets, at all entrances and agents. Transferable stalls for the remaining eight concerts, 15s. Stalls for this concert, 2s. 6d.

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ST. JAMES'S HALL.

FIRST CONCERT, WEDNESDAY, March 8.

Conductor—Mr. W. G. CUSINS.

Symphony in D (first time) .. Gounod.  
New Song, "There is a green hill far away" (first time), Mr. Santley .. Gounod.  
Saltarello (first time) .. Gounod.  
Scene, "Far greater in his lowly state" (*Jane*), Miss Edith Wynne .. Gounod.  
Concerto for Violin, Jolin, Herr Joachim .. Mendelssohn.  
Symphony in C minor (in compliance with the wish of the donor of the Bust of Beethoven) .. Beethoven.  
Scene, "My child has fled" (*Robin Hood*), Mr. Santley .. G. A. Macfarren.  
Duo, "Crude perche," Miss Edith Wynne and Mr. Santley .. Mozart.  
Overture, "The Ruler of the Spirits" .. Weber.  
Mons. Gounod has accepted the invitation to direct the performance of his own works.  
N.B.—The Subscribers are respectfully solicited to be in their places by a quarter to eight o'clock.  
The Bust of Beethoven, lately presented to the Philharmonic Society, will be exhibited at this Concert.  
Stalls, in area or balcony, 10s. 6d.; balcony, reserved, 7s.; unreserved 5s.; orchestra, area, or gallery, 2s. 6d.  
Tickets at Lamborn Cook & Co.'s, 62 and 63, New Bond Street; Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall; Chappell's, Mitchell's, R. Ollivier's, Keith, Prowse, & Co.'s, and A. Hay's.  
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**COLLEGE OF MUSICIANS.—36, ALDERSGATE STREET, E.C.**—Mr. W. C. FILBY (Conductor of the Choir), will read a paper on "CHORAL MUSIC, IN ITS POPULAR ASPECT," at the Conversations, on Monday next, at Eight, P.M. Mr. ALFRED MULLEN (Conductor of the Orchestra), will also read. Subject—"TONE CULTURE."

"THE MARINER."

**MR. SANTLEY** will sing L. DIMHL's new Song, "THE MARINER," at Mrs. Roney's Concert, March 28.

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**MR. WILFORD MORGAN** will sing his popular Ballad, "MY SWEETHEART WHEN A BOY," at St. James's Hall, March 31.

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**HENRY SMART'S** highly-admired Duetto, "MAY," will be sung in Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital, at Guildford on Thursday, March 23, by MISS ANNIE SINCLAIR and MISS MARION SEVERN.

**MISS MARION SEVERN** will sing HENRY SMART's celebrated Song, "THE LADY OF THE LEA," at Mrs. John Macfarren's Pianoforte and Vocal Recital at Guildford, on Thursday Evening March 23.

**MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR.**—MARCH 9.—SACRED CONCERT.—ST. JAMES'S HALL, at Eight o'clock. Mrs. Weldon, Miss Helen Horne, Madame Poole, and Mr. Sims Reeves, who will sing "If with all your hearts" (*Eljah*); "Father, I have sinned" (*Immanuel*); "Deeper and deeper still," and "Wait her, angels." Tickets, 6s., 3s., 2s., 1s.

**MARCH 9.—MR. HENRY LESLIE'S CHOIR** will sing Mendelssohn's Psalms, "JUDGE ME, O GOD," and "HEAR MY PRAYER"; Wesley's "IN EXITU, ISRAEL," &c. In consequence of the enthusiastic reception of Bach's Motette, "THE SPIRIT ALSO HELPETH US," on Feb. 2, it will be repeated on March 9.

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Music by **ELIZABETH PEROWNE.**

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## A HISTORY OF OPERA.

By C. SCHULZE.\*

It is no easy task to give, in the narrow limits of a journal, a clear and complete picture of the origin, progress, and development of opera, a work of art to the production of which such different arts: poetry, vocal and instrumental music, elocution, mimicry, painting and perspective, dancing and mechanics, have with sisterly love aided each other—a work of art, which, in the course of time, has gone through the most varied changes, to whose worship men have erected, all over the globe, thousands of temples, where thousands of singers, of both sexes, raise their voices, and which, every evening, delights the hearts and senses of an endless crowd of auditors. The historical picture which I shall endeavour to place before the eyes of my readers, would, certainly, be clearer and more striking if it could be illustrated by musical examples. But, owing to the limited space at my disposal, I must renounce all ideas of this sort. My object must be only to draw, in sharp outlines, the course of development which dramatic poetry, in the closest alliance with music, has pursued for nearly three hundred years.

At the same time that, in the far West, a new world was discovered, the dawn of a higher epoch of civilization was gilding the old one. Truth and reason lighted a fresh torch; the sciences awoke from their death-sleep, and the old Greek and Roman authors once more saw the day. Men plunged with love, nay, with enthusiasm, into classical antiquity, and, among the subjects belonging to it, old music attracted the attention of scholars and educated persons. People grew ecstatic about this music, concerning the true nature of which and the manner in which it was practised, they knew about as much as a man born blind knows about colours. They placed it immeasurably higher than the music of the period, because, in the writings of ancient authors, they found glowing descriptions concerning its wonderful effects. The most profound reverence and admiration was above all entertained for the old Greek tragedies, with their choruses, which were regarded as musical models for imitation.

Greek Drama was formed out of epic (narrative) and lyrical poetry—the ode or song—and just the same process naturally took place in Germany and France. *Odyssey* and *Iliad*, *Nibelungen* and *Gudrun*, the *Songs of Roland* and of *William*, together with Greek lyrics, and the lays of minstrels and troubadours, are so many parallel links, fashioned quite independently of each other in the long chain of development followed by dramatic poetry.

The commencement of our modern dramas are to be found in the religious plays of the Middle Ages, in the Mysteries, as they were called, which used to be performed at Christmas, at Shrove-Tide, in Lent, and at Easter, in the market place, in the open country, and afterwards in the churches. This very last year, we have seen at Oberammergau, in Bavaria, the performance of one of these passion-plays, which, for centuries, has been repeated there from time to time, and in which nearly the entire village appears in action upon a natural stage. Such plays soon spread most widely in Germany, France, Italy, and Spain. In the decretalia for the year 1230, of Pope Gregory IX., it is expressly mentioned that priests and deacons are to be masked in the church-plays. Music was allied at a very early period with these naive dramatic essays. The German "*Marienklage*" (*Lament of Mary*), dating from the end of the 13th century, was actually all sung. Pilgrims returning from the Promised Land, and with sentiments elevated by the recollection of the holy places they had visited, sang Christ's Passion, the history of the Virgin Mary, and of the Apostles, and the legends of the Saints, first separately, and afterwards in chorus. But there was even dancing in these old plays, especially at Shrove-Tide.

Greek tragedy, and the religious plays of the Middle Ages, were, therefore, the two starting points of Opera in a poetically dramatic sense. What were they musically?

Vocal music had already reached the symphonetic stage, and was probably also accompanied by instruments. The separate parts were, however, written according to the stiff rules of counter-point. One unison chord was neighbour of another. This produced a monotony which crushed all feeling. The

melodic element was very subordinate, and the text was unintelligible to the auditors. The mind therefore was left entirely vacant by such compositions. Music was cultivated not only in churches, but in private life as well, at the courts of temporal and spiritual nobles, especially on festive occasions. As musical forms in profane music there gradually rose up the Ballad, and the Canzone, or dance-song, the *Maggiolata*, or May-Song, the Carnival Song, and the Madrigal, or Love-Song. If to these we add the Chorus, the Interlude, as it was called, and the dramatic *Scena*, we have enumerated all the steps, by which opera at first victoriously ascended. The last-mentioned forms appeared as early as in the dramatic performances got up at the Courts of the Este in Ferrari, and of the Medici in Florence and in Rome, on festive occasions, at the end of the 15th century. The chorus was introduced into tragedies, and the prologue or intermezzo, into comedies. The intermezzo was originally a madrigal for several voices. At a later period, one or other of the vocal parts was accompanied by music, as was the case in a pastoral by Beccario, in Ferrari, about 1550, in which the priest appears upon the stage with a lyre, and sings his part. If to all this we add the important facts that, at the same time, Italian painting, imitating Antiquity, had raised itself to a height never anticipated, and imparted greater brilliancy and magnificence than ever to the Court-festivals of the above-named princes, and that the Italian language, by its clear melodious vocalization, and its simple consonant-combinations, appeared, more than any other, as though made expressly for music, we shall not be astonished that Italy was the native land of Opera.

We may call Florence the cradle of Opera. We there find, about 1580, in the house of that lover and patron of music, Giovanni Bardi, Count di Vernico, a small literary-musical circle, consisting of men of science and lovers of the art. Three of them, Vincenzo Galilei, the father of the celebrated astronomer; Count Bardi himself; and Girolamo Mei, had written valuable works, in which they set forth their views, on old and new music. They asserted distinctly that the new music was deficient in verbal grace and expression. From theory, they quickly proceeded to practice. Galilei was the first to write songs for one voice. The performance of the scene he composed of Count Ugolino, from Dante, and some fragments from the *Lamentations* of Jeremiah, which he sang himself accompanied on the tenor-violin, met with unanimous approbation from his auditors. It is true that these and other like essays in composition, especially those of the singer, Caccini, who had been living at the Court of Florence since 1564, are lost, but they must be regarded as the beginning of artistic solo song. After Count Bardi removed to Rome, where he was made a chamberlain of the Pope, the central point of the musical club was the house of the Florentine noble, Giacomo Corsi, who had written on the music of the Ancients, and composed canzonets. Among those who frequented the house were, also, the poet Ottavio Rinuccini, and the musician Peri. The efforts of all these men were directed to combining the words properly with the music, to recovering the old spoken-song of the Greeks, the true ancient Recitative, and, more especially, to produce the same results by means of modern music. They endeavoured to effect this by making the performer recite in a singing tone, by bringing the accompanying bass part, in passionately accented passages, in harmonic combination with the melody, and allowing the instrumental part to remain quiet only when the words were not strongly accented. They called this the "*Stilo rappresentivo*;" we call it now-a-days, Recitative.

Rinuccini then wrote a pastoral: *Daphne*, for which Peri and Caccini supplied the music, and which was performed, with the greatest applause, in Corsi's house.

But Rinuccini was still more fortunate with *Euridice*, in 1600. This poem was written by its clever, handsome, and enamoured author for the marriage of Maria di Medici, whom he adored, with Henry IV. of France. Some of the airs in it were composed by Corsi; the part of *Euridice* and the choruses by Caccini; and all the rest by Peri, the solos being treated as recitative, and the choruses written very simply. The novelty of the thing, and the musical expression aiming to be true, surprised all Florence, and Rinuccini's fame was soon spread about, a result to which the presence of so many princes of France and of Italy, and the co-operation of the best singers in the world, contributed their share.

\* From the Berlin Echo.

*Euridice* was, it is true, rather a series of madrigals joined one on to the other than a tragic poem. The language was a mixture of antique notions and affected bombastic forms of modern expression, and the music awkward and stiff. Still the new style, which, by the element in it of earthly love, unconsciously formed a sharp contrast to sacred music, excited enthusiasm everywhere. It was called: "*nuova musica*," "*tragedia*," or "*drama per musica*," "*melo-drama*;" and "*tragicomedia*."

The name of "*opera*" was not known till much later, and appeared first, in 1656, in an English opera book. Outward splendour of scenery and costume, and the sense-entrancing arts of dancing and mechanics were in no wise wanting to the first-born of Opera. From the very origin of *melo-drama*, the poets manifested, in a remarkable manner, a partiality for the wonderful and the magic element, in which of course the ignorance of the great masses always takes delight. Mythological subjects predominated for a long time in the musical drama. When the mythological notions of the Ancients were exhausted, authors turned to northern mythology. Demons, gnomes, and fairies appeared on the stage; the legend and the saga were rifled in all directions. This tendency towards the Wonderful, a tendency that permeates opera even at the present day, appears to be instinctive, for the magic arts of the machinist and of the scene-painter have always had to serve as beauty-patches to vapid librettos and suspicious music.

The scenes in *Euridice*, for instance, represented first green fields; then the wide expanse of ocean; then smiling gardens; then a thunderstorm with dark clouds, rain, and wind; then the abodes in Elysium; and then the fearful torments of the infernal regions. From beneath the bark of trees, which opened of its own accord, the forms of fair maidens came forth; forests sprang up by magic, and were populated by fauns, satyrs, and dryads. Fountains and rivers gushed out, and were animated with nymphs.

As another example of the scenic invention of that period, I will mention an allegorical spectacle of Capponi, of Bologna, which was performed, in the Carnival of 1628, in the Royal Palace of Turin, to celebrate the birthday of the Queen of France.

At the opening of the Royal hall, amid the loud sound of instruments, there appeared all the gods in heaven who are well disposed to man; each one sang a short recitative, answered by the chorus. Then the Elements appeared, symbolized under different shapes, namely: a ship, signifying water; a theatre, instead of the earth; a mountain vomiting flames, instead of fire; and a rainbow, instead of air. In a moment, the entire hall was filled with water, like a sea, on which the ship sailed slowly round; in the fore-part of the latter, was a rich throne, prepared for the sovereign and the other princes of the Court. Here and there on the sides of the ship were engraved the arms of the provinces subject to the Duke of Savoy, and in the middle of it there was a large table, laid for forty persons. The God of the Sea begged the prince, the ladies and the noblemen, to come on board, where they were waited on, at a rich banquet, by tritons, who brought the dishes upon the backs of marine-monsters. Meanwhile, on a rock, which arose at no great distance, was represented the story of Arion, who was flung into the sea and rescued by a dolphin. The music constituted the prologue. The first act set forth the departure of Arion, from his native place, Lesbos. In the second, he was seated singing on the dolphin. In the third, he was in Corinth, where King Periander expresses a wish to hear his misfortunes, and tells the sailors who had betrayed him who he is. At the end, the Sirens danced a ballet, invented by the Duke Carlo Emanuele.

(To be continued.)

Moscow.—After the close of the Italian operatic season in St. Petersburg, Madame Patti will sing here at three concerts. Signori Everardi, Bagagioli, and Corsi are also engaged.

St. Petersburg.—The management of the Imperial Theatre has been decidedly unlucky with the operas produced this season. Scarcely was *Amal-Beck* withdrawn, after the third performance, than Smetana's three-act comic opera, *A Bride for Sale*, brought out for M. Paleczek's benefit, proved another failure. The libretto is bad. The feature is the ballet. At the Italian Opera, M. Gounod's *Faust* is in active rehearsal. *Appropos* of the Italian Opera, there is a report that this is its last season, the management being unable to pay the exorbitant sums demanded by some of the principal artists.

#### A DRAMATIST'S DIFFICULTIES.

We dwell at some length on one occasion upon the effects of realism in depraving public taste and unfitting it to receive or appreciate representations higher than those to which it is accustomed. We showed, as far as we were able, the depressing and discouraging influence of a preference for the realistic and the commonplace which is noticeable among regular frequenters of theatres, and we expressed our regret that an age should be so afflicted with self-love as to furnish a dramatic picture gallery with nothing else but repetitions of its own not over agreeable portrait. Something more remains to be said upon the subject last mentioned. The text is not new. In these columns it has more than once been dealt with at length. They, however, who have attempted, in earnest, any work of reformation or alteration, know how often a truth must be brought before the public, and in how many lights it must be placed before it leads to any action whatever. As an instance of this, and, consequently, as a justification of ourselves for returning to the subject already discussed, we may refer to what is now to be seen in London. What nine unprejudiced men out of ten consider to be murder is going on in some London workhouses. Murder of the cruelest and foulest kind, since it is inflicted upon the most weak and defenceless of God's creatures, appears to be of daily occurrence, and is accompanied by waste on the part of those responsible for it, such as makes us blush and weep for our common humanity. Most of us would fain, if we could, deny the nature that links us to guardians of the poor and workhouse officials. But, though thousands of men feel like this, and though the press daily exposes the infamy of current proceedings, no action is taken by the public. Endless repetition is necessary before the requisite number of individuals are roused to action sufficiently united to overcome the power of class interest and prejudices. These things are mentioned simply, as we have said, for an illustration, and we turn now to repeat our lesson. This time it is in favour of the dramatist, rather than the actor, we plead, and we say to the public: Your love for realism is an unsurmountable obstacle in the path of your own enjoyment. A really good English drama is scarcely to be obtained under the conditions imposed. We may, perhaps, obtain a pleasantly pathetic drama, such as Mr. H. T. Craven can write, in which an actor may hope successfully to appeal to the narrowest range of sympathies his audience possesses. We may, possibly, even obtain a quiet and genteel comedy of daily life, with a mild and lambent flame of humour and a delicate warmth of sentiment. But a manly stirring play, a work such as shall perpetuate the glorious traditions of our stage, and rouse the spectator's blood as it is well for him to have it roused—is, under present circumstances, impossible.

Let us look what conditions are now imposed on the dramatist. To have a chance of seeing his drama accepted it must be realistic. Its scene must be England and its time the present. It must reproduce faithfully our life as it now is. But what a life to reproduce! The dramatist has not to make bricks without straw; he has to turn paving stones into diamonds. Never in the history of humanity was there a time when our life was so vapid, so colourless, so uneventful, so altogether commonplace as now. There is absolutely nothing on which the dramatist can seize. We do not for one moment dispute the excellence of individual Englishmen. Men yet live who would, were opportunity presented, do any deed most heroic that past ages can advance. Cowardice has not yet come to be an attribute of Englishmen. It is to our time that the history of the troop ship belongs where English officers and soldiers saved the lives of every woman, child, and helpless person on board the doomed vessel, and then met their fate like heroes and demi-gods. But an instance like this is rare, and the heroic qualities which Englishmen possess are hidden as carefully as though they were ashamed of them. Trade cheating in all its various forms, the making of ungodly gain—whether by floating bubble companies, by adulterating the food of the poor, or by extorting a miserable and accursed profit out of a fraudulent measure—occupies our time. The dishonour corrupts our life blood. In our highest quarters, in our houses of legislature even, we find men whose whole position is due to measures for which the strongest terms our language supplies is not too strong; and in our ministries there are not wanting those who, if they do not sympathize with such men, will at least do their best to preserve them from injury. So much for one side of the character the dramatist has to paint; now for another. What are we like exteriorly? Go to an evening party and endeavour to distinguish one man from another, and the task is almost as difficult as recognizing each individual sheep in a flock. How many of us are there who have not mistaken a gentleman for a servant, or even been ourselves so mistaken. But we are as much alike in our behaviour as in our dress. Mediocrity has in this instance, as in other instances, imposed upon us its law. We must stretch ourselves upon our modern bed of Procrustes and be stretched or shortened to our dimensions. If we happen, by God's extra gift, to have talent of any kind, or ability to become sympa-

thetic, witty, agreeable, we must hide it. A languid disregard of everything is the stamp of good breeding, the slightest outbreak of this nature places one outside the pale of fashion. We own to being more amused than angry at this state of affairs, amused that men who have all the best gifts of Providence should be content to hide them and reduce themselves to the level of those who have none; that the race-horse should crawl with drooping head and weary step like the dray horse; that the decree of the fool should prevail over the wise man, who cannot for a moment be blind to the motive in which it originated. Here now is a pretty state of affairs for the dramatist. He must make a drama out of characters like these, and must produce them on the stage as in real life they appear. Could a much more difficult task be imposed upon him? As well hope to make a drama out of the actions of the flock of sheep to which we have before referred. What incident is left to the dramatist? Our crime is too brutal for dramatic treatment. A garotte robbery, the plunder of an Essex idiot hoping to get an advantage out of men who prove too sharp for him, the robbery of lodging-house keepers and tradesmen by an officer who has been expelled from his regiment, the murder of some poor girl by a clown to whom she has been faithless—here is the romantic side of English life. Some exciting annals are chronicled in our Divorce Court but propriety steps in and forbids us to meddle with these. The loss of honour of a wife or a daughter has a money value, and a man, whatever his wrongs, dares not take his sword in his hand, but must seek his remedy in the law courts. Here is a society out of which to obtain ingredients for a drama! Why Ireland itself, wretched as is the country and low in the scale of beings as are the masses of its inhabitants, is better fitted to the dramatist than England; and tolerable dramas of Irish life are consequently more numerous than dramas of English life.

That here and there a play is produced which is non-realistic does not disprove our assertions. We wish that any man who doubts the truth of what we state would wait upon a London manager with a non-realistic drama. We will not insist that it should be poetical. Let him lay, however, the scene in France, in the Revolution in England at the time of the imprisonment of the Bishops, or in Scotland during the Jacobite Rebellion—at any time, that is, when existence was animated and full of action. We doubt whether any influence that could be used would be strong enough to induce a manager even to read such a production. Most managers would hold their hands behind their backs and be as afraid of touching it as if it would bite. That the managers act thus is not their fault. But too well do they know the feeling of the public. It is curious that the only excess English audiences will permit is the farcical. If a character is strong in villainy matters are hopeless. Thackeray said to a friend of the writer's that he would have essayed to do for England what Balzac did for France, but he did not dare; the public would not let him. So Madame Marneffe subsided into Becky Sharp. The heroine of a drama like *Patrie* may not be produced in England. Her colours must be washed out. Any strong characters of Victor Hugo, who is indeed a dramatist, must be subdued. What a despicable state of affairs is this when Lucrezia Borgia, Marion de l'Orme, Bertuccio or even Jean Val Jean dare not be presented, when a painter may not even present a picture of a real lion, but must pare his claws and clip his mane and tail for fear a school-girl should be frightened. But in depicting a farcical character all bounds of possibility or decorum may be overlooked. In condemning dramatic art in England, then, let us remember where the dramatist is placed. He has to deal with characters which have lost that primitive simplicity which is capable of idyllic treatment, and have got nothing to replace it but mean and pitiful vice and despicable crime. He is to produce beauty out of ugliness, light out of stone, life out of death. What a task is this to impose upon a man, and what superfluous zeal is that which for fear the dramatist should make too good a thing of it places him under all sorts of restrictions! Oh! that we had a subvention for theatres, and a school for actors. Then might we in the end win people to better tastes. But again we say it, for a nation which includes among its rulers, a Bright, a Lowe, and an Ayrton, there is and there can be no hope. J. K.

**PESTH.**—The Abbaté Franz Liszt is to have the title of Court Musical Director General conferred on him. There is a general wish (among his admirers), however, that the title of *Musikgraf* (Musical Count), formerly borne by the members of the Amadé family, but which died out with them, shall be revived in his favour.

**ALEXANDER SEROFF.**—This composer, whose sudden death, on the 1st of February, we announced in the last number of the *Musical World*, was only 51 years of age. He has left an unpublished opera, entitled *The Power of the Devil*, and founded upon a comedy by Ostrowsky. He has, also, left a *Stabat Mater* for three female voices. During the last few years he enjoyed an annual pension of 1,200 roubles from the Emperor of Russia's private purse. His mortal remains repose close to those of Glinka and Dargomizhsky, in the cemetery of the Alexander Newsky Convent.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

On Saturday afternoon the acoustic properties of this enormous building were tested in such a manner that the results may be looked upon as of essential value in all future calculations. That zealous society of amateur musical performers known as the "Wandering Minstrels" gave a concert, vocal and instrumental, professedly for the entertainment of the workmen of Messrs. Lucas, but with another more important object also in view. To obtain a fair estimate of the capabilities of the hall it was necessary that some performance on a considerable scale should be given, in presence of an audience such as the building was originally intended to accommodate. So that, in addition to the workpeople in the employ of Messrs. Lucas, who, we understand, were allowed to introduce their relatives and friends, a large number of invitation-tickets were issued, and more than 7,000 persons availed themselves of the offered privilege. The sight was very imposing, the more so inasmuch as the scaffolding which has hitherto encumbered the hall being no longer an impediment, the whole vast interior, including the glass-roofed dome, could be taken in at a glance. Though, if we are not misinformed, some 2,000 or 3,000 more persons can be accommodated without inconvenience, when all arrangements are complete, the attendance on Saturday was big enough to serve all purposes. The galleries, the two tiers of boxes, and the amphitheatre were crowded; the pit, or "arena," was, at intervals, nearly full; and many, desirous of judging the effect of sound from every accessible point, resorted to the picture gallery in order to gratify their curiosity.

Avoiding further preamble, we may say that, even under the conditions inevitable on Saturday—conditions, as will easily be understood, not in all respects advantageous—we were able to adopt with some reserve an opinion decidedly favourable. We need hardly add that when the decorations of the interior are finished some important aids (now absent) towards neutralizing the effect of excessive reverberation will assist in exerting a beneficial influence. Moreover, when the public concerts are given, audiences will assemble in the music hall with the exclusive intention of listening to the music. On Saturday this was assuredly not the case; nor indeed, under the circumstances, could it have been expected to be the case. The mass of visitors came rather to see than to hear. The incessant hum of conversation and the interminable clatter of feet, from persons moving to and fro, as if in search of a resting place, allowed the performances but little chance of being appreciated at their worth,—whatever their actual worth may have been. Nevertheless, in spite of this, the concert in a great measure helped to allay much prevailing uneasiness as to the *bona fide* acoustic capabilities of the Royal Albert Hall.

At shortly after 4 o'clock, when people were still coming in by hundreds, the orchestra of the "Wandering Minstrels," conducted by the Hon. Seymour Egerton, their sometime elected chief, and one of our most accomplished amateurs, struck up the familiar overture to *Masaniello*. This vigorous piece of operatic music does not abound in nice details; but such details as they are were, for the reasons just stated, scarcely distinguishable—at least from the second tier of boxes, where we were situated at the time of its performance. The *fortissimo* passages, however, came out strongly, and made their accustomed effect. The next instrumental piece, the March from Wagner's *Tannhäuser*, had a better chance, and seemed to be the right thing in the right place, the trio, which is the least "demonstrative" movement, being heard to manifest advantage. Some parts of Weber's overture to *Oberon* (substituted for *Zampa*, which had been announced) sounded well, even in the Picture Gallery, the loftiest corridor in the building; but the rapid passages for string instruments were less fortunate. Gangi's "Amoretten" (set of waltz tunes) was effective enough; hardly so were the last two movements (all that was vouchsafed) from the overture to *Guillaume Tell*. The *andante*, with its elaborate flute accompaniment, was scarcely audible in the arena (pit), nor were the details of the well-known final movement particularly clear. Of one thing even this first impression convinced us: the least favourable position for listening to the orchestral music is the pit. The sound travels upwards, and the higher one goes the better one seems to hear, notwithstanding the fact that in the higher regions, whenever a brief pause allows, an echo is plainly audible, which in the lower regions is not the case. But much, or all, that is objectionable may be modified, if not entirely done away with, when the furniture of the interior is complete, and when an audience, seated attentively, not promenading about, fills the hall. Even now the tones of a single voice are carried distinctly to almost every corner of the building. This was convincingly shown by Miss Anna Williams, who had already tried its capabilities, and by Mrs. Nassau Senior, in several songs, accompanied on the pianoforte by Captain Le Patourel.

(one of the flutes in the orchestra of the Wandering Minstrels). Miss Williams selected Mr. Frederic Clay's canzonet, "She wandered down the mountain de," and M. Gounod's "Ave Maria" (with violin and pianoforte accompaniment), constructed upon J. S. Bach's first prelude—both slow melodies, and therefore well adapted to the place). Mrs. Nassau Senior made choice no less judiciously, and on the same account, of "Farewell, ye limpid streams" (Handel), and "Home, sweet home"—also slow melodies. Each lady in her first song was honoured with a vociferous encore. The vocal music, in fact, may be said to have borne away the palm on this interesting occasion, although a fair share of applause was duly awarded to the amateur players, who, as well as their energetic conductor, laboured so arduously in the cause. It may be added, as another sign of promise, that the pianoforte accompaniments to the songs though played apparently without effort by the accompanist, were everywhere not only distinctly, but agreeably heard, the chords sounding full and mellow from the distance. It was only in the quick movement of Handel's air that the effect was not entirely satisfactory, and for this there may have been more reasons than one.

Immediately after the first overture the effect producible by a speaking voice was tested by the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, one of her Majesty's chaplains. Before reading the programme for the approaching "inauguration," on the 29th of next month, Mr. Brookfield delivered a brief address from the platform of the orchestra. How much of what the Rev. gentleman said was clearly conveyed to a large majority of those present we are unable to guess; but that very many caught his meaning distinctly may be gathered from the loud and continued applause which greeted his concluding words.

Enough has been said to prove that, in spite of certain unavoidable drawbacks, the ordeal of Saturday afternoon was on the whole such as to warrant sanguine hopes of the Royal Albert Hall as an arena for musical performances on a large scale. Much, of course, has yet to be done; but when the conditions at which we have hinted are fulfilled; and when a grand orchestra of professed artists, every member of which plays with more or less accuracy and precision every note set down for him, occupies the position so zealously supported on the present occasion by the "Wandering Minstrels," a much fairer opportunity will be afforded of arriving at a definite opinion. One great feature in the structure of the building itself was very generally noticed on Saturday, as distinguishing it from other public buildings, where crowds are accustomed to congregate—although there were upwards of 7,000 assembled, the exodus of this vast crowd was hardly more than the affair of a few minutes.

### RIMMEL AND REEVES.

(From the Manchester "Free Lance.")

Eugene Rimmel makes perfumes, and sells them. We never heard of his giving any away, and his prices are quite as high as those of any other member of his calling. Rimmel's perfumes are good, but they are not better than those of fifty other perfumers within a mile of his own shop. In fact, Monsieur Rimmel is an average vendor of sweet scents, and is by birth a Frenchman. Sims Reeves produces sweet sounds, and sells them. His prices are higher than those of any other vendor of similar commodities, because his wares are admitted to be superior to their's. Sims Reeves, in consequence, enjoys a large trade, and is by birth an Englishman. It pleased Monsieur Rimmel, in the overflow of his generosity, to conceive the idea of "giving" a concert in aid of his "suffering fellow-countrymen." By the term "giving," however, Monsieur Rimmel never intended to convey the notion that he was to bear the expense of providing the music for his concert. Quite the contrary. He first of all begged the use of the Alhambra, and the proprietor, with a not unnatural readiness, acceded to the request. The Alhambra is in the midst of the French population of London—no inconsiderable number. These are almost to a man the constant patrons of Mr. Strange, and his withholding a ready compliance with M. Rimmel's demand would have shown a decided want of wisdom, foresight, and sagacity. Having secured a "local habitation," M. Rimmel, with an unblushing effrontery from which most, though not all, Englishmen would shrink, set about fishing for "names." He selected a number of singers, and urging the sympathy that is everywhere felt for the poor French, he applied to them for their gratuitous aid in his concert. With a generosity that could only be equalled by their amiable weakness, they nearly all submitted to M. Rimmel's demand—and in this we think they were mistaken. The sole exception it appears is Mr. Sims Reeves, and he is to be congratulated on his moral courage in refusing to comply with a request that ought never to have been made, either to him or to any member of his profession.

"Why," asks Mr. Reeves, apparently driven to the verge of desperation by the importunities of M. Rimmel and others of his good natured but thoughtless class—"Why should artists be thus tormented?" Why, indeed! Mr. Reeves has, in consequence of this refusal, had to endure a good deal of vituperation, as thoughtless as it is unjust. His terms for singing at a concert are a hundred guineas—perhaps, thinking the Alhambra somewhat *infra dig.*, he puts on an extra charge—and he is perfectly justified in naming his own terms. For this M. Rimmel, with execrable taste, holds up Mr. Reeves to the animadversions of a short-sighted public. It is precisely the fear of similar treatment that induces artists to comply with such requests. They tremble lest a refusal should render them unpopular, and they submit to a reprehensible system because they lack the courage to oppose it. Probably Mr. Reeves, in common with the rest of his countrymen, feels a warm sympathy with the sufferings of the French people, and probably he has contributed to such an extent as he may think wise to their relief. Why, then, should he be "tormented" further? Who amongst ourselves, having sent in our subscription to the fund, would thank M. Rimmel for walking into our shop or warehouse, and making a "requisition" for so much of our stock-in-trade as he might think desirable? There is not one who would not summarily condemn M. Rimmel and curse his impudence. Yet this is precisely what the French perfumer has attempted with the English singer. Anyone who has acquaintance with either vocalists or instrumentalists knows how much they are harried and "tormented" by people who seek to be thought charitable at the expense of others.

Let us see how far this system can be carried beyond the poor artists. Does the *Times*, for example, or the *Daily News*, or any other newspaper, insert the particulars of the concert which M. Rimmel is "giving" at a rate less than the ordinary terms? We fancy not. Let anyone who is engaged in "getting up" a concert or other entertainment apply to the proprietors of the *Guardian*, the *Courier*, or the *Examiner*, in the hope of enlisting their sympathies, and of invading their advertising columns at a reduction, and if they succeed we shall be glad to publish the fact. Is the printer cut down in his price because the work is a charitable one? Surely not. Is that most useful of peripatetic literati—the bill-sticker—shorn of his usual gains because of the nature of the placards which he posts? Let the enquiry be made of any professor of the paste-pot. No!—it is only the singers and the instrumentalists who, lacking the moral courage to refuse, find themselves playing second fiddle to some busybody who will ultimately take nineteen-twentieths of the credit. When the proprietors of the Prince's Theatre recently threw open their doors in aid of the fund for which M. Rimmel "gives" his concert, did they apply to the members of their company to contribute their gratuitous services? Did the clown, or the pantaloon, or the columbine, receive a missive from Mr. Calvert proposing, in effect, to deprive them of their salaries? We think not. To be charitable by mulcting others of their earnings is to be so at a very cheap rate, and under very inglorious circumstances. Yet this is precisely M. Rimmel's position in respect of his concert. By publishing Mr. Reeves' letter M. Rimmel has offered an insult to the whole musical profession; an affront which they ought unanimously to resent. His actions, if not his words, say:—"See how I—and others like me—will gibbet you if you dare refuse compliance with our demands." Every artist who feels that he or she is ill-treated in this matter ought at once to withdraw the consent given under fear and trembling. If Mr. Reeves, receiving his hundred guineas, choose to give the whole or any part of it to the French fund, well and good. If those who are to take part in the concert think proper to follow such an example, all honour to them; but charity and business are distinct matters, and the one should not be allowed to interfere with the other. The man who is charitable through his business commits a grave error, which one day he will sorely repent, and Mr. Reeves is evidently of this opinion.

It is time that such professors of vicarious charity as M. Rimmel were put down; and it is really to the interests of artists to offer a determined and unanimous opposition to their troublesome, well-intentioned, but short-sighted and inconsiderate importunities. That every vocalist and every instrumentalist now before the public thoroughly coincides with us in this matter, we have every reason to believe and none to doubt. We are sorry, therefore, that they should have betrayed such lamentable cowardice in leaving Mr. Sims Reeves alone to fight their battle; but we are glad that the English tenor has so thoroughly and so valiantly encountered and defeated the impertinence of the French perfumer.

BREAKFAST.—Epps's COCOA.—GRATEFUL AND COMFORTING.—The very agreeable character of this preparation has rendered it a general favourite.—The *Civil Service Gazette* remarks:—"By a thorough knowledge of the natural laws which govern the operations of digestion and nutrition, and by a careful application of the fine properties of well-selected cocoa, Mr. Epps has provided our breakfast tables with a delicately flavoured beverage which may save us many heavy doctors' bills." Each packet is labelled: JAMES EPPS & Co., Homoeopathic Chemists, London. Also makers of Epps's Cacaoine, a very thin evening beverage.

## THE OPERA IN MADRID.\*

As everywhere else in Europe, with the exception, perhaps, of the countries situated at a distance from the seat of war, art and artists are suffering under the pressure of present events. The first theatre in Madrid, the Operahouse, never, despite a rich repertory and the services of celebrated singers, among whom may be mentioned, Tamberlik, Ortolani-Tiberini, Ferni, Giraloni, and among the stars still to appear, Marie Sass, the singer of the *Africaine*, had so small a subscription as this year. The operas are placed upon the stage here with a magnificence not surpassed in Paris, and I scarcely ever beheld anything, in the way of scenery and costumes, more dazzling than the *mise-en-scène* of *L'Africaine*, *Robert le Diable* and Gounod's *Faust*. On the other hand, the vocal and instrumental execution of these operas left very much to be desired. But there was, a few days since, a comparatively good performance, namely: that of Bellini's *Sonnambula*. A young German, the tenor Perotti—who has deemed it advisable to Italianize himself—achieved a great success, thanks to a voice very pleasing in the upper register, and to a chest C, though the incorrectness of his intonation, and his want of steadiness, as well as his unfinished style, suggest the advisability of serious study. I think, however, I shall not do wrong if, in these days so poor in tenors, I entertain great hopes of this young artist.

Tamberlik will shortly appear in a part in which he has not yet been heard, that of Almaviva in the *Barbieri di Siviglia*. On the 30th March, he leaves Europe, with an Italian operatic company, and the conductor Moderati, to give a series of performances in Mexico.

The best business, comparatively speaking, in Madrid is that done at the Zarzuela Theatre, where comic operas are given, and the Buffos Arderius, where Offenbach's operettas are performed, with a display of female charms on the Parisian model. At the former theatre, a novelty entitled *El Molinero de Subiza* is at present enjoying great popularity, and, at the latter, a new work by Don Arcietta, Director of the Madrid Conservatory, has proved highly attractive. It is called *Potosi submarino*, and is distinguished by the clever introduction of Spanish national airs, some fresh choruses, and the beautiful forms of the fair artists, the latter veiled as little as possible. The manager, Señor Arderius, who is at one and the same time a comic singer, an actor, and a dancer, thoroughly understands his business, especially where the grouping of women is concerned, and his theatre is undoubtedly the best attended theatre in Madrid. To convey an idea of the way things are done here, I may mention that in the favourite folk's operetta, *Pepe Hilo* (the name of a celebrated bull-fighter), the inside of the Madrid bull-ring, with built-up galleries, public, toreadors, picadors, horses, dogs, and bulls, all real and not painted, is represented with all its deafening din.—Less fortunate is, or was, the new Alhambra Theatre, which made an essay of ten days with operettas by Barbieri (among others, *L'Amor sin conocer*), Offenbach's *Choufleuri*, under the Spanish title, *Soire de chapucin*, and the works of young Spanish composers; it then became bankrupt. The concerts, too, of the artists from the assembly rooms at Saint Sebastian, which were to be given at this theatre, came to nothing. The artists, driven from Paris by the war, will shortly give a grand farewell concert in the Teatro y Circo de Madrid.—Next Sunday, the sixth and last of the Quartet Matinées, given this year by Professor Monasterio, will come off in the rooms of the Conservatory. This excellent violinist, who has successfully exerted himself, by quartet and orchestral performances, to foster a taste for classical music in Madrid, is, also, highly esteemed as a composer for his own instrument. He is especially good in the execution of Haydn's quartets and Beethoven's sonatas.

In some concerts for charitable purposes, the lady dilettanti of Madrid have been singing national songs, both the pieces selected, and the mode in which they were produced, though not always attractive, possessing a certain peculiar interest of their own. The new King of the Spaniards, Prince Amadeo of Savoy, is a zealous visitor at these concerts, and has, also, been to every theatre in Madrid. The musical understanding of the new monarch deserves especial praise, though there does not seem to exist a good understanding between him and the Spaniards themselves.

\* From the *Neue Berliner Musikzeitung*.

Thus, the old Spanish nobility hold themselves aloof from the new Court, and lead a retired life, the consequence being that the usual musical soirées given by the ducal houses of Montinacelli, Bailen, Sesto, and many others, have not taken place this year. Truly, this winter has not yielded a profitable harvest to artists in Madrid; in addition to which, the native musicians systematically attempt to exclude all foreign elements. Thus no foreign musician can be received into the Sociedad of the Orchestral Concerts, unless he has long previously become a naturalized Spaniard.

A. v. Cz.

Madrid, 4th Feb., 1871.

## MUSIC AT MUNICH.

The following little bit of chit chat was forwarded by a correspondent, a short time since, to the *Neue Wiener Tageblatt*:—"In our Athens here on the Isar, the most stupendous events seem destined to succeed each other in marvellously rapid succession. Scarcely has the initiative of the King to restore the Imperial dignity become an established fact before another subject forms the topic of every conversation. It is asserted that Richard Wagner, the hermit of the Lake of Lucerne, is about to emerge from the obscurity of his present middle-class station, and enter the ranks of Bavarian barons. When, a few weeks ago, the report was spread through the city that the Baron von Perfall, the Intendant of the Court Theatres, and author of the deficit of 500,000 florins, was to be appointed Master of the Ceremonies, while Richard Wagner was to succeed him as Intendant-General of the Theatres Royal, a cry of horror convulsed our aristocratic salons. The question how and whether the new Intendant-General's lady, Wagner's wife, Madame Cosima, Liszt's daughter, and the divorced wife of Herr von Bülow, should be received and treated became the aristocratic prize topic of the day. Just as the consternation of our thorough-bred nobility broke through all the limits of the silence and forbearance prescribed by Court etiquette itself, when, at the production of *Tristan und Isolde*, Ludwig II. gave the composer, Wagner, a place in his box, intended only for crowned heads, and the musician, a commoner, had the hardihood, in reply to the uproarious acclamations of the public, to bow from the 'King's Box' aforesaid, so now, when, by his appointment as Intendant-General, he would have the right to breathe the air of the Court, the indignation of the insulted lords-in-waiting knew no bounds. Careless of the Royal displeasure, the nobility were firmly resolved to ignore both Wagner and his wife, since—for so it was whispered—the man who made parliamentary speeches upon the Dresden barricades, and regarded the King of Bavaria's private purse as a milch cow, and the married lady who played the part of carrier-pigeon between Wagner, then her idolized friend, and the King of Bavaria who glowed with enthusiasm for him, when Wagner had to yield to the bitter feeling of numerous fanatics, and retire, with an annual life pension of 7000 florins into the paradise-like exile provided for him on the banks of the Lake of Lucerne by his Royal patron—the married lady who, when Wagner found himself in a pecuniary fix, which by the way he does pretty frequently, rattled triumphantly, in full daylight, from the Royal palace with two cabs, each of which carried 20 sacks of 1000 florins—such persons could not be considered fit associates for aristocratic society. Ludwig II. is too keen, as everybody is aware not soon to know perfectly well the reason which had thrown the nobility of his Court and capital into such a state of excitement. Accustomed, however, since his accession, to act only in accordance with his own will, he is said to have determined, in order to alleviate the wound which the presumption fostered by the privilege of birth has inflicted upon the plebeian prince of music, to give the latter the Commander's Cross of the Bavarian Order of the Crown, which confers noble rank on the person who receives it; but it is doubted whether Wagner will accept it, any more than the title of Intendant-General, which has been several times offered to, and as often refused by, him." So far the correspondent of the *Neue Wiener Tageblatt*. Not pretending to the gift of prophecy, even with regard to the winner of the Derby, whom, as we know, every sporting correspondent can point out with the utmost certainty six months or more before the event, we will content ourselves by remarking: *Qui vicia verra*.

## SATURDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

ST. JAMES'S HALL.

DIRECTOR—MR. S. ARTHUR CHAPPELL.

## THE TWENTY-SECOND CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, MARCH 4TH, 1871,

To Commence at Three o'Clock precisely.

## Programme.

DIVERTIMENTO, in D major, for two Violins, Viola, Violoncello, and two French Horns—MM. JOACHIM, L. RIES, STRAUS, PAQUIS, STANZEN, and PIATTI .. .. .	Mozart.
SONG, "The meeting of the waters"—Mrs. WELDON .. .. .	Moore.
HUMORESKE, No. 1, Op. 20 .. .. .	Schumann.
NOVELLETTE, in F major, Op. 21 .. .. .	Haydn.
CANZONET, "My mother bids me bind my hair"—Mrs. WELDON .. .. .	Haydn.
GRAND TRIO, in B flat, Op. 97, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello (by desire)—Madame SCHUMANN, Herr JOACHIM, and Signor PIATTI .. .. .	Beethoven.
Conductor .. .. .	Mr. BENEDICT.

A Morning Performance will be given on Saturday, March 11.

Extra Concerts (not included in the Subscription) will be given on Saturday Afternoon, March 11, 25, and April 1. Subscribers wishing to retain their seats are requested to notify the same to Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, as soon as possible.

## MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS.

## THE TWENTY-THIRD CONCERT OF THE THIRTEENTH SEASON.

MONDAY EVENING, MARCH 6TH, 1871.

To Commence at Eight o'Clock precisely.

## Programme.

TRIO, in B flat, Op. 99, for Pianoforte, Violin, and Violoncello—MM. FRANKLIN TAYLOR, JOACHIM, and PIATTI .. .. .	Schubert.
RECIT. and AIR, "The full moon is beaming"—Mr. CUMMINGS .. .. .	Smart.
SONATA, in E flat, Op. 31, "Les adieux, l'absence, et le retour," for Pianoforte alone—Mr. FRANKLIN TAYLOR .. .. .	Beethoven.
PART II.	
SONG, "The better land"—Mr. CUMMINGS .. .. .	Sterndale Bennett.
SEPTET, in E flat, Op. 20, for Violin, Viola, Clarinet, Horn, Bassoon, Violoncello, and Doublebass—MM. JOACHIM, STRAUS, LAZARUS, PAQUIS, HUTCHINS, REYNOLDS, and PIATTI .. .. .	Beethoven.
Conductor .. .. .	Mr. ZEBINI.

The Subscription to these Concerts finishes on Monday Evening, March 13th. Extra Concerts will be given on Mondays, March 20, 27, and April 3. Subscribers wishing to retain their seats are requested to notify the same to Messrs. CHAPPELL & Co., 50, New Bond Street, as soon as possible.

Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Admission, 1s. Tickets to be had of Mr. Austin, 28, Piccadilly; Keith, Prowse, & Co., 48, Cheapside; Hays, Royal Exchange Buildings; R. W. Ollivier, 19, Old Bond Street; and Chappell & Co., 50, New Bond Street.

## TO CORRESPONDENTS.

MR. JOHN CURWEN's letter arrived too late for this week's impression, but will be inserted in our next.

R. R. (LIVERPOOL)—next week. All communications intended for insertion in the current number of the *Musical World* should reach the office, at the latest, on Wednesday afternoon.

BESSIE.—Your remarks show a gratification based on envy, and are not at all becoming. Tiger was born on the 2nd of February, 1867, and therefore is but four years old. The difference between yourself and him is greater than you seem to fancy. You are wrong also on another point. Tiger's birthday was observed by his intimate friends, and champagne flowed freely. How he acknowledged a bumper drunk in his honour we will not say for fear of making you more envious. Even Polly would have been less selfish—to say nothing of the late regretted Dinorah.

## DEATH.

On February 21, very suddenly, at his residence, Albion Villa, Deal, JOHN HARRISON Esq., in his 63rd year, greatly regretted.

## NOTICE.

TO ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the *MUSICAL WORLD* is at Messrs. DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyl Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

## The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, MARCH 4, 1871.

## CHARLES GOUNOD IN ENGLAND.

WE are a very well meaning people; and it would be safe to assert as much even if intentions did not lie outside the range of positive demonstration. Our bitterest traducers acknowledge the existence among us of a desire to do the right; and thus far we can plume ourselves upon an excellent character. But the sturdiest believer in English merit must grant that, with all our national disposition to do good, we are seldom able to acquit ourselves gracefully and well. On nearly every occasion when John Bull would assume the gentleman he makes a mess of it, and leaves disagreeable recollections in the minds of on-lookers. This is especially the case when he plays the host. In his heart, John is not fond of strangers. Without exactly distrusting, he dislikes them, because of a consciousness that he generally makes an ass of himself in their presence. But there are times when such dislike must be overcome; when John has to put on a clean shirt, and his company coat, and elaborately make believe that he is the most delighted of entertainers. Every such time is a *mauvais quart d'heure* for poor Bull, the end of which brings indescribable relief. How welcome to him, therefore, is the just concluded peace between France and "ces barbares"—a peace which will rid him of guests whom he would gladly have paid somebody else to keep in luxury, rather than have had the trouble of being their host. No—we are not a graceful people, though exceedingly well meaning, and a consciousness of awkwardness only makes us more awkward still.

M. Charles Gounod has been in England during the war, and he, we need not say, is a distinguished guest. After our fashion and to the extent of our light, we honour M. Gounod. His greatest opera is frequently heard in English lyric theatres, and always commands a "house;" his songs are encored in English concert-rooms; and his melodies are tootled, and ground, and whistled in English streets. Everybody knows M. Gounod; and looks upon him not simply as a famous man, but also as a pleasant acquaintance from whom much pleasure has been derived. Of course, therefore, a general desire to do him honour pervades the community; but, unhappily, the knack of carrying out that desire in a proper way seems wanting on every hand. In certain quarters no effort has been made to carry it out at all; and in others effort has only resulted in grievous blundering. We can understand those, who, like the Director of the Monday Popular Concerts, have ignored M. Gounod altogether. That amounts to a frank confession of inability to carry out any fitting recognition of his presence, and is both honest and straightforward. At the Crystal Palace the managers have been less discreet, and, in honour of M. Gounod, have played the overture to *Mireille* and the ballet music of *Faust*, putting the last at the far end of the programme, to serve the purpose of an "out-voluntary!" Mr. Henry Leslie, by way of acknowledging M. Gounod's presence at one of his concerts, actually inserted "Nazareth" in the evening's scheme! But it has been reserved for the Philharmonic Society to reach the climax of mistaken homage. The well-meaning directors of that time-honoured institution make much, in their English way, of M. Gounod, and, doubtless, imagine the programme of their forthcoming concert to be a model

tribute. What is it in fact? First of all, M. Gounod and Beethoven are put on the pedestal together; the living being there in the flesh—the dead in plaster of Paris. The result need not be told; for M. Gounod, famous though he be, is not a Beethoven. Next, the “C minor” symphony occupies the place of honour, M. Gounod’s symphony in D opening the concert, and serving to cover the noise made by late arrivals. Lastly, not even a moiety of the programme is given up to the French composer, Mendelssohn’s violin Concerto and Herr Joachim being introduced just where both united can put M. Gounod out of mind. But what does the following “N.B.” mean?—“Subscribers are respectfully solicited to be in their places by a quarter to eight o’clock.” Does it mean that M. Gounod will receive a grand ovation from a waiting and admiring crowd?—or does it signify merely that some of the Royal Family are expected?

#### ORATORIO CONCERTS.

A very fine performance of *Elijah* took place in St. James’s Hall, on Wednesday evening. Madame Rudersdorf made her customary effect in music emphatically adapted to display her artistic powers. Madame Patey’s rendering of the contralto part, especially “O rest in the Lord,” was all that could be desired. Mr. Sims Reeves never sang better, nor more thoroughly justified his position as first of oratorio tenors. Mr. Santley was—Mr. Santley—and in the music of the Prophet that means a great deal. The band and chorus did well. The secondary solo parts were entrusted to Miss Chatfield, Miss Marion Severn, Messrs. Raynham, Stedman, Beale, and Smith. Mr. Docker was at the organ. Mr. Barnby conducted the whole performance with excellent judgment.

#### ITALIAN OPERA BUFFA.

On Wednesday there was a miscellaneous performance, for the benefit of Signor Tito Mattei, conductor of the Italian Opera Buffa. It commenced with the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, played under Signor Mattei’s direction. To this succeeded the first act of *L’Elisir d’Amore*, in which Mdlle. Colombo sang, with her accustomed sprightliness and grace. This was Part I. Part II. began with a capital performance of Signor Li Calsi’s Pianoforte Concerto in C minor, which Signor Mattei has already more than once played in public, but never better or with greater spirit. At the end, both the player and the composer (who conducted the performance) were recalled unanimously. Later in the evening, Signor Mattei performed, with great success, his own fantasia on airs from *I Puritani*, and being called back, he substituted the brilliant Waltz movement which has made his name so familiar and popular. In addition to this, songs were contributed by Signor Rocco, Mdlle. Bedetti (who gave “Non tornò,” a well known *romanza* of Signor Mattei’s, which was encored), Signors Piccioli and Gardoni, Mdlles. Calisto, Verali, and Scasi. Signor Bottesini played one of his marvellous solos for the double-bass, in his own unrivalled manner, and was twice enthusiastically recalled. Mr. Benedict accompanied several of the songs on the pianoforte; and the trio, “Pappataci,” was given by Signors Fabbri, Rocco, and Borella (in costume), with the accustomed effect. This was the sum total of Part II. Part III. of this wonderfully varied entertainment comprised the last scene of *La Sonnambula*, with “Ah! non giunge” (of course) for Mdlle. Colombo, who was called forward at the end, and the admirable second act of Signor Bottesini’s admirable comic opera, *Ali Baba*, sung by Mdlles. Calisto and Faullo, Signors Borella, Piccioli, and Rocco, and conducted by the composer himself. If Signor Mattei’s friends and patrons were not satisfied with an entertainment of such varied attraction, they must have been hard to please. Their hearty and continuous applause, however, was good proof that they were more than satisfied.

DR. FERDINAND HILLER arrived in London on Wednesday, in time to be present at the performance of *Elijah*, under Mr. Barnby’s direction, at St. James’s Hall. The evening previously he conducted a concert in the Gürzenich Hall, at Cologne.

#### OCCASIONAL NOTES.

MR. JOHN FRANCIS BARNETT’S *Paradise and the Peri* is to be performed at the Crystal Palace to-day, preceded by Auber’s overture to *Zanetta* (why never *Le Philtre*, *Lestocq*, *Gustave III.*, *La Bayadere*, *Le Serment*, *Le Lac des Fées*, *Léocadie*, *Le Maçon*, *La Neige*, or even *Fra Diavolo*, for a change?); and followed by the Wedding March of Mendelssohn. By the way, we have never heard any of Méhul’s overtures directed by Mr. Manns, and yet *Stratonice* and *Adrienne* are good; nor of Spontini’s, and yet *Olympie*, *La Vestale*, and *Fernand Cortez* (ask Schumann, who heard the opera, F. C., for the first time, “with rapture”) are good; nor of Boieldieu’s, and yet *Les Deux Nuits* is good; nor of Lindpaintner’s, nor of Marschner’s, nor of Winter’s (*Calypso* and *Tamerlane*, for instance), nor of Himmel’s (*Fanchon and Semiramis*?); nor of Cimarosa’s, nor of Steibelt’s (*Romeo and Juliet*)—but here let us stop. *Vive the C. Palace! Vive Manns! Vive G! Vive the writer of this “occasional.”*

MUSIC is withdrawn, in the new Revised Code, from the list of subjects for which a grant is obtainable in elementary schools. The cause of this sudden step is believed to be the inability of more than a few of the inspectors to examine in the subject, but the friends of music are bestirring themselves, and insist that the nation ought not to suffer for the defects of the inspectors.

THERE is, a curious law in Russia concerning operatic matters, the object of which is not precisely to encourage native talent. No Russian musician, singer, or dancer may receive from a State theatre more than 1,143 roubles in any one year; and this principle has been extended for the benefit of composers, who are not allowed to receive more than 1,143 roubles (about £170) for any one work. The native artist may carry his talent elsewhere; but in that case he forfeits his claim to a pension. If he wishes to remain on the books of one of the Government establishments, he must content himself with the grotesque sum of 1,143 roubles as annual salary; and 1,143 roubles is, in any case, the largest sum that can be paid for an opera to a Russian composer. Verdi received from the management of the Italian Theatre 20,000 roubles for his *Forza del Destino*, but then Verdi is not a Russian. The late Russian composer, Dargomijski, having declared by will that an opera of his left ready for representation, was not to be sold for less than 3,090 roubles, no theatre could buy it; and a series of concerts are now being given at St. Petersburg, to make up the difference between the traditional 1,143 roubles and the sum demanded by the composer’s executors. In England we have no law stipulating that a composer shall not receive more from a manager than £170 for any work, nor is any such law necessary. As a rule, when an English manager brings out the work of an English composer no money passes between the two, though it does sometimes happen that the manager requires to be paid for the trouble and expense he incurs by so hazardous a proceeding.

At the Edinburgh Town Council on Thursday the 23rd. ult., the proceedings were singularly interesting. A discussion took place on the Edinburgh and District Water Bill, during which strong language was used. Baillie Lewis having alluded to Baillie Howden, the Baillie exclaimed, “Don’t take my name into your polluted lips, sir!” upon which there was “great laughter and uproar.” After the Water Bill had been disposed of a melancholy incident occurred. Mr. Hope read the following to the Lord Provost, and asked his lordship for an answer:—

“My Lord,—Referring to our conversation on Saturday the 11th, I write this to remind your lordship and to put myself in form, that I am (D.V.) to ask your lordship on Tuesday, or at the first meeting of Council, what steps are to be taken to celebrate in Edinburgh the approaching marriage of the Princess Louise. I suggest it ought to be something in which all classes of the community, high and low, can join; and I think a soiree in the Music Hall would be the best way to attain this object. Your lordship would of course preside, and be supported by the councillors and the leading citizens of the city. There would be addresses embodying loyal sentiments from our most popular speakers of the city. There would be Scotch songs from Mr. Kennedy, our leading Scotch vocalist, and other high class singers; and there would be Scotch music, which is always popular, from an orchestra composed of the best fiddlers, such as we have seen assembled in the Music Hall on great Scotch nights, got up by Mr. Wood, I think, and there would be a subscription so as to keep down the cost of a ticket; and in the name of the 3rd Edinburgh Volunteer

Corps, and the Cadets, and the British League, I can promise your lordships much assistance in the shape of stewards as you can possibly require, and you know they are all total abstainers, picked, most steady, and most trustworthy. I would specially say there should be none of what is called comic singing. It is vulgar in the highest degree, and is quite unsuited for an audience having any pretensions to quality or refinement. I could have nothing to do with that. On occasion of the marriage of the Prince of Wales there was what was called a cake and wine demonstration, got up by Lord Provost Lawson, to which some of the representative heads of bodies were invited. But the affair was so intensely stupid that I understood the feeling was that the day for such things had passed away. I was, of course, not present myself, but I was at the People's Demonstration at the Corn Exchange, an affair admirably suited to that occasion, when the people had but a short time at their disposal, having to get home and get tea to be ready to see the illumination.—I remain, my Lord, your faithful servant,  
(Signed) JOHN HOPE."

Mr. Hope having read his letter, the Lord Provost returned the following:—"Your letter is so intensely stupid that I can have nothing to do with it."

Fun has its opinion about the Royal Albert Hall, and, as it is expressed unminutely, we give it here:—

"The Royal Albert Hall will be opened shortly. We have inspected it, and our opinion of its acoustic merits—and as we know nothing of acoustics our opinion has the rare merit of being unprejudiced—is that the singing of a whole opera company therein will be as the chirping in an inverted soup-tureen of a young cricket with a severe catarrh. But having in view the purposes to which we feel as sure the Hall will be ere long devoted, as we do that the intimate friend to whom we yesterday lent a couple of sovereigns won't see us again for years; we are gratified to see to how great a height the Lulu of the period will be competent to be shot-up, and how tremendous a drop from the trapeze lies in the future before the Hanlon midget. Another advantage of the size of the building is that the Christy Minstrels, who will never perform out of the Albert Hall, London, will be at such a distance from the spectators that no one will be reminded that their faces are burnt-corked and not naturally black. All this is re-assuring for the future of Science and Art."

How jolly it must be to write for a comic paper, and express in print what is in everybody's thoughts.

"ALMAVIVA" writing in the *London Figaro* says:—

"Rumour reaches us of a disgraceful scene at the Princess's the other evening. Certain occupants of a private box—who shall for the present be nameless—behaved so badly, talked so loudly, and generally conducted themselves with such impropriety, that Mr. Phelps was compelled to stop and pause until the talking had subsided. It is scandalous that a valuable artist, like Mr. Phelps should be treated with such disrespect, particularly when he was playing his best character, in which he is unequalled. Many in the house wanted to attend to the acting; and the disturbance would most certainly have been resented, had there not been circumstances in connection with it which prevented either audience or actors from saying a word. But there are limits even to the forbearance shown on this occasion. These scenes are deplorable."

Of course the occupants of the offending box were not members of the Royal Family, all of whom are notoriously well behaved when a classical entertainment is in progress. Let us all sing "God bless the Prince of Wales."

MILAN.—The management of the Scala has been anything but fortunate this season. Signor Faccio's opera, *Amloto*, proved an utter failure, being withdrawn after the first night, and Herr Beer's *Elisabetta d'Ungheria* has not been more successful.

LEIPZIG.—Herr Langert's opera, *Dornröschen*, words by Dr. Alexander Levy, is in rehearsal, and will, probably, be produced on the 15th March, the composer himself conducting.—Dr. Hermann Franz Gunther, composer of the opera, *Der Abt von St. Gallen*, died, on the 13th inst., after a short illness. He was in his forty-seventh year.

COMO.—Signor Filippo Taglioni, father of Paul Taglioni, ballet master at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin, died on the 11th Feb., at the advanced age of ninety-three. Latterly he resided partly with his son at Berlin, and partly in Italy. At one time he held a very high position in his profession, and put the celebrated ballets, *La Sylphide*, *Der Aufbruch im Serail*, and *Die Neue Amazone* on the stage at the Royal Opera-house, Berlin. He was, also, for a long period manager of the Theatre at Warsaw.

BERLIN.—According to report, there are six new German operas which will shortly be produced, namely: *Der Botenlauffer von Pirna*, by Herr Heinrich Dorn; *Morgiana*, by Herr Schulz; *Dornröschen*, by Herr Langert; *Gudrun*, by Herr Reissmann; *Faust*, by Herr Richard Wüerst; and *Mirjam*, by Herr Klughart.—A new overture to Schiller's play of *Piesco* was performed lately with decided success. It is from the pen of Herr Heinrich Urban.

## CONCERT VARIOUS.

An interesting concert was given on Thursday, the 2nd inst., by the Misses Gottschalk, in St. George's Hall. The *bénéficiaires* were much applauded throughout the evening, and deservedly so. Miss Blanche Gottschalk's performance on the pianoforte of a composition of her late brother's displayed an amount of ability which promises well for her future career. She was equally successful in the duet, "Hommage à Handel," with Herr Ganz. A pleasing variety was a recitation by Mr. C. S. Harrison. The other singers were Signor Delle-Sedie, Mr. Tre-lawney Cobham, Miss Ransford, Herr Politzer, and Mrs. Crellan, late Miss Susan Pyne, all of whom contributed to render the concert a complete success.

The usual monthly concert at the Angell Town Institution, attracted a crowded audience on Tuesday week. The programme was well carried out and gave great satisfaction. The Quartet in E, No. 82, for two violins, viola, and violoncello (Messrs. Henry Blagrove, A. nor, Richard Blagrove, and Pettit), was the first piece and was well executed "Salve! dimora" from *Faust* (violin obbligato, Mr. Henry Blagrove), was so well sung by Mr. E. Lloyd as to meet with an encore. A like honour was awarded to this gentleman for his rendering of Benedict's "Eily Mavourneen." The prelude and fugue in E minor, No. 1, for pianoforte alone, by Mr. Ridley Prentice, was well received, as was also the sonata in C minor, Op. 30, No. 32, for pianoforte and violin (Mr. Ridley Prentice and Mr. Henry Blagrove), and the quartet in B flat for pianoforte, violin, viola, and violoncello (Messrs. Ridley Prentice, Henry Blagrove, Richard Blagrove and Pettit). Miss Ryall sang pleasingly "My mother bids me bind my hair."

Mrs. J. HOLMAN ANDREWS'S *Soirée musicale d'Invitation*, given last week, at the Beethoven Rooms, was fully and fashionably attended. The *pièce de resistance* was the *Messe Solennelle* of M. Gounod, sung by Mrs. Andrews, Miss Gertrude Andrews, Miss Lester, Mr. Alfred Baylis, Signor Ciabatta, Mr. Walsh, Mr. Hayes, and the Rev. W. G. Martin. The remainder of the programme consisted of various compositions, some of which met with general approval and were encored and repeated. A new song by Mrs. Andrews, sung by Mr. Baylis, "The Adieu," especially pleased; and the style in which Miss Webb gave Haydn's "Mermaid's Song," deserved more than a passing word of praise. Both Miss Gertrude and Miss Edith Andrews evinced promise of becoming good vocalists; they have been well trained, and sing with ease and expression. Signor Ciabatta is always welcome in the concert-room, and his merits were duly acknowledged by the audience. A duet for concertina and piano, by Mr. and Mrs. Richard Blagrove, pleased greatly, and the *soirée* went off to the satisfaction of all present.

## MUSIC IN BOSTON.

Musical Boston has been rather quiet of late. Not many concerts have been given within the past month. The second *soirée* of Mr. B. J. Lang took place at the Globe Theatre, and drew an audience of nearly three hundred. The Mendelssohn Quintett assisted, as before, and played, as they always do, exceedingly well. Mr. Lang played the A flat Ballade (Op. 47) of Chopin, not so well as we have heard it, yet with a good deal of expression in *forte* and *piano*. Mr. Lang takes too much liberty with the *tempo*. Chopin's music is all more or less susceptible of being played in the *tempo rubato* style, but there is a limit to this, and it ought not to be exceeded, or exercised too freely. The *Scherzo* in B flat minor, played at the first *soirée*, embraced the faults here spoken of.

The Holland testimonial was a grand success, and we hope that clergyman "round the corner" is by this time sufficiently rebuked. He should at least study the Bible enough to learn a Christian's duty. Mr. Cheney with his characteristic generosity, contributed the expense attending the getting up of this testimonial, sending the whole sum realized to the family of the deceased Holland—over twelve hundred dollars.

The "Globe" is doing a thriving business under its new manager, Mr. Floyd.

The strolling German opera *troupe* that was here have taken their departure. If they cannot perform any opera better than *Tannhäuser* which we heard them murder, they had better disband and reorganize under a more successful director.

The Kellogg *troupe* are advertised at the Music Hall, for three concerts, beginning on Wednesday evening. Miss Kellogg is popular here, and will no doubt draw good houses.

The teachers of the "Boston Conservatory" gave a concert at Bumstead Hall last week, which proved a very pleasant affair. Mr. Eichberg, the director, played, with Mr. Dunn, a Beethoven sonata for violin and piano. Mr. Callogener Costelli sang two tenor songs in a very fine artistic manner. He has been engaged to teach at this Conservatory. Mr. Hiram Wild sang the "Lone Star," by Kücken, with so much true musical feeling as to be enthusiastically encored.—*Watson's Art Journal*.

## MR. RANSFORD'S CONCERT.

Mr. Ransford's annual concert is a great event for lovers of ballad music, who are invariably treated on the occasion to excellent samples of the article by some of the best vocalists of the day. There were special attractions in the programme laid before the audience which crowded St. James's Hall on Tuesday evening; and late-comers who failed to obtain admission had cause for no slight disappointment. The list of artists included Mdlle. Liebhart, Madame Patey, Miss Ransford, Miss Poole, Mr. Vernon Rigby, Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Santley, and the concert-giver himself, each of whom were heard in songs of accepted merit. To mention only the encores:—Mdlle. Liebhart gave "Within a mile o' Edinburgh Town," and Ganz's new ballad "Sing, sweet Bird." Madame Patey contributed Allen's "Who can tell?" Mr. Vernon Rigby sang "The Thorn;" Mr. Sims Reeves, "The last Rose of Summer;" and Mr. Santley, "The Bell-ringer." Adding to these many others scarcely less excellent—among them "The Angel's Whisper," well rendered by Miss Katherine Poyntz, and Mr. Ransford's "Tom Tough"—it will be evident that a capital entertainment of its kind was provided. A detailed notice is not called for, but there were a few special features which deserve special mention. The perfect rendering of Brahms's "All's Well," by Messrs. Reeves and Santley, must have added to the esteem in which those distinguished singers are held, and also augmented the unaccountable popularity of a commonplace duet. Of these results we prefer the first, the second being hardly a matter for congratulation. Mr. Henry Phillips, the veteran artist so intimately associated with the remembrance of elderly concert-goers, contributed two songs composed by himself, and upon their excellence the audience did well to congratulate him. Not many things of its kind are better than Mr. Phillips's "Best of all good company." Respecting the Princess Emma Matchinsky, who made her *début* on this occasion before an English audience, we shall defer remark, Mr. Ransford having appealed on her behalf for the indulgence due to obvious indisposition. Meanwhile it is only fair to say that in "Convien partir" the newcomer evinced a cultivated style and expressive power. Messrs. Brinley Richards and Lazarus relieved the songs by solos on the instruments associated with their names; and Messrs. Ganz, Emanuel, and Stanislaus were accompanists.

## BRADFORD SUBSCRIPTION CONCERTS.

(From our Correspondent.)

This season has progressed very successfully so far. The usual Christmas performance of the *Messiah*, with Mesdames Tietjens and Patey and Messrs. Nordblom and Stockhausen for the solo parts, brought together the largest audience ever seen in St. George's Hall; and the January vocal concert, supported by Mesdames Tietjens, Kannenberg, and Sinico, Messrs. Vizzani, Foli, and Ciampi (including two pianoforte solos by Mr. Hallé, and a fantasia for harp by Mdlle. Janssen), gave great delight to the lovers of Italian music. By far the best concert, in a musical point of view, took place last week, when Mr. Hallé's splendid band performed Haydn's Symphony in D major; a Concert Overture in D, by Schubert; Wagner's *Tannhäuser* overture; and Mozart's small, but lively, overture to *Il Seraglio*. The greatest interest and curiosity was displayed as to the overture of Wagner, whose music is entirely new to a Bradford audience, and, if we are to judge from the storm of applause which broke forth at its conclusion, and which continued for a long time, there appears to be more enthusiastic admirers of the Music of the Future here than we expected. Whatever merits the music may have, so much is sure that the success was undoubtedly, in a great measure, due to the faultless and spirited rendering of it by the band, which has on no former occasion played with more *animo* and delicacy than at this concert. Another novelty was Mr. Hallé's rendering of Schumann's Pianoforte Concerto in A minor, beautifully accompanied by the band. Even a first hearing of this composition showed the numberless beauties it contains, and produced a strong desire in many of those present to have another opportunity of hearing it. To say that Mr. Hallé played, it is sufficient to indicate *how* it was played. The re-appearance of Madame Norman-Neruda was greeted with a hearty

applause, which proved in what good remembrance her performances of last season has remained. Her playing of Spohr's "Gesangscene," or Concerto Dramatic in A minor, was the most lovely and poetic we ever heard. Though Madame Neruda's style is not as powerful and broad as Joachim's, yet the very fact of its being more feminine and delicate throws a charm over her playing which it is impossible to resist. She also gave, with Mr. Hallé, one of Dussek's sonatas in B flat, and it really was delightful to listen to these two great artists, who seemed to be one soul, and animated by one spirit. Miss Arabella Smythe was the vocalist, and gave "Deh vieni," from Mozart's *Le Nozze*; Bishop's air, "Bid me discourse;" and "Ave Maria," by Gounod, in which latter piece she was most successful. We would hardly venture to say what old father Bach would say to it, but, to our ears, the effect is certainly pleasing.

For the last concert the committees are busy preparing Mr. Benedict's *St. Peter*, which is to be produced on a grand scale; the choruses to be sung by our Festival Choral Society.

## PROVINCIAL.

CHATHAM.—The *Observer* of Feb. 25th says:—

"Mrs. John Macfarren's concert, at the Lecture Hall, on Tuesday evening, was a decided success. The vocalists were Miss Annie Sinclair, Miss Lucie Hann, and Mr. Wallace Wells; and nearly every piece was encored. Mrs. John Macfarren played with great power of execution and impressiveness from first to last. Miss Annie Sinclair, in 'Ah, fors'è lui' and 'Tell me, my heart,' was encored. Miss Lucie Hann sang 'The Storm' and 'L'Ardita' with considerable expression. Mr. Wallace Wells gave 'Anita,' 'Let me like a Soldier fall,' and 'Come into the garden, Maud,' with effect. The trios and duets were well given."

SOUTHAMPTON.—We read in the *Hampshire Advertiser* of Feb. 25th as follows:

"Mrs. John Macfarren's concert lecture in the Hartley Hall, on Wednesday evening, attracted one of the largest audiences of the season. Mr. Franklin presided, and introduced Mrs. John Macfarren, the lecturer and pianist, Miss Annie Sinclair, and Miss Lucie Hann, the vocalists. The pianoforte performances were distinguished by a vigorous style and earnestness of expression which always raise the player above the mere mechanical excellence of rapid execution. The soprano singer, Miss Annie Sinclair, exhibited power and sweetness of voice the contralto, Miss Lucie Hann, divided with her the honours of the evening."

Ipswich.—The *Suffolk Chronicle* gives a long account of a "presentation" to Mrs. A. T. Cole, organist of St. Helen's Church. Dr. Chevallier, in presenting the testimonial said:—

"That he could not say it was his first appearance in public, but it was the first time he appeared before them in the character he was about to assume, viz., a 'solo' performer. Churchwarden's duties were not always pleasant, and did not always meet with the approval of his parishioners, but he was about to engage in one that would meet with the hearty approbation and goodwill of all present. Mrs. A. T. Cole had now been organist of St. Helen's Church for nearly two years gratuitously, having refused any remuneration until the debt on the organ was cleared off; this now happily accomplished, it was thought a fitting opportunity to present Mrs. Cole with a slight acknowledgment of the services she has rendered to the parish. He therefore begged her acceptance of a bracelet, subscribed for by many friends, and he hoped she would live long to wear it."

Mrs. Cole remarked that:—

"The expression of approval being accompanied by a tangible token of kindness more than repaid her for any difficulties she may have experienced in the past, and will greatly encourage her in the future, feeling as she did that she was working in the midst of good friends, who take a deep interest in what she was doing, who are ready to make allowance for any shortcomings and to help her with sympathetic thoughts, and cheering words."

Bristol.—Mr. Sims Reeves has been singing in ballad opera at Bristol, and, with reference to the first performance, the local *Mercury* of Saturday last said:—

"The *Beggars' Opera* is probably less familiar to playgoers than most other lyrical dramas. Nevertheless, it is a lively piece, its characters are vigorously drawn, and its music is good in quality. Mr. Sims Reeves played the part of Captain Macheath, and his appearance was the signal for hearty and prolonged applause. He was in admirable voice and spirits, and not only sang the music splendidly, but acted with no small amount of humour. His arch and playful rendering of 'How happy could I be with either,' won a vociferous encore, and a

re-demand was made for 'Here's to the maiden of bashful fifteen,' in acknowledgment of which Mr. Reeves, who led on Miss Cole, appeared and bowed. We are far, however, from thinking that those, although the most taking songs, were his most effective efforts. There were bits of pathetic music here and there in which his rich mellow voice and pure and expressive style told admirably, and his singing of the medley in the prison scene of the second act was a triumph of vocal art. Mr. Sims Reeves was supported by Miss Blanche Cole, who played with much simplicity, and by her pure rich voice and careful vocalization imparted the fullest effect to the music. Miss Louise Willes played Lucy Lockett very cleverly, and so did Mrs. F. Robertson Mrs. Peachum. On Monday evening Mr. Sims Reeves will make his second and last appearance, again supported by Miss Blanche Cole. They will perform in a portion of Donizetti's *Lucia di Lammermoor*. Mr. Reeves holding his great character of Edgardo and Miss Cole that of Lucia; and in the capital musical farce of *The Waterman*, in which the great tenor will play Tom Tug, and Miss Cole Wilhelmina."

LIVERPOOL.—We read in the *Daily Courier* of 22nd Feb., as thus:—

"The third subscription concert of the Philharmonic took place last night. The vocalists were all members of the Italian Opera Buffa, now performing in London, under the conductorship of Signor Bottesini. Madame Calisto was heard to advantage in an air from *Rigoletto*, and a duet with tenor from *Ali Baba*. Madame Colombo was heard with good effect in a scena from *Zelmira*. In an air from *L'Africaine*, Madame Colombo displayed much skill; and the tenor, Signor Piccioli, proved an effective but not brilliant artist. Spohr's symphony, *The Power*, or, as it has been more aptly termed, the *Consecration of Sound*, was the chief orchestral piece. Signor Bottesini played a concerto of his own composition for the instrument upon which he is almost the only soloist known to the public. This concerto was heard with interest and pleasure. The chorusers had very little to do, and only one item requires special mention, viz., the chorus from *Euryanthe*, which was sung with a good tone and execution."

NOTTINGHAM.—A writer in the *Nottingham Express*, of the 28th Feb., says:—

"Last evening the fourth of Mr. H. Farmer's Monday Popular Concerts was given in the Mechanics' Institution. We apprised our readers on Satu day that a leading feature of interest would be a solo on the violin by Mr. Farmer, who has seldom been heard in the capacity he assumed last night. Whether this abstinence on his part has been owing to any undue faith in the maxim that no man is a prophet in his own country we are unable to say; but it must have been apparent to anybody with any musical knowledge or feeling who heard Mr. Farmer's rendering of Mendelssohn's wonderful concerto that the Nottingham public have frequently missed a *delice* of the highest order from the bow of our townsman. The various movements of the serenest of composers were rendered with a power, brilliancy, and finish for which, we confess, we were not prepared. The *allegro molto appassionato* was interpreted in a manner such as only those who have complete command of the instrument could convey; and yet even this was excelled by the rendering of the *finale*, which was most admirably phrased. The performance was received with unanimous and cordial applause. Madame Patey has always been a favourite at Nottingham, and she had therefore a kindly reception. She declaimed the recitative from Gluck's *Orfeo* with great elevation of style and richness and purity of tone; and the succeeding aria was given with mellow plainness of voice and rare elocution. When, however, it came to this lady's turn to sing the song especially composed for her by Gounod there was a pause in the proceedings, and some rather mysterious flitting about the audience and beckonings to some one in the gallery, on the part of persons connected with the programme, and very shortly afterwards Dr. Taylor presented himself on the platform, and said he had to express the very deep regret of Madame Patey that owing to sudden indisposition she was unable to appear before the company again that evening. From what we were able to learn subsequently, it appears that Madame Patey was seized with giddiness and severe aching in the head, which brought on great pallor and nervousness. Miss Butler played Weber's *Polacca* with delightfully characteristic effect; and full justice was done to the chamber music generally."

COLOGNE.—Seventh Gürzenich Concert: Overture to *Euryanthe*, Weber; Violin Concerto, Paganini (Herr Wilhelm); "Der Zwerg," Schubert (scored by Herr Wüerst); Solos for Violin, Rietz and Schumann (Herr Wilhelm); Songs, Schiller and Wüerst; Symphonie Fantasia for Orchestra, F. Hiller; and "Erlkönig's Tochter," Gade.

THE 59th season of the Philharmonic Society begins on Wednesday evening, under the direction of Mr. W. G. Cousins. The first four pieces in the programme, including the Symphony in D, and a new *Saltarello* written expressly for the occasion, are by M. Gounod, who will direct the performance of his own music.

## ROYAL ALBERT HALL.

"To the Editor of the 'Pall Mall Gazette.'"

SIR,—One feature in the great South Kensington scheme which is to do so much for art and science was attempted to be brought to the proof on Saturday afternoon, when a performance of vocal and instrumental music was given in presence of some 7,000 visitors. Among these visitors were the workmen in employ of Messrs. Lucas Brothers, for whose edification the concert was ostensibly provided. Advantage, however, was taken of the occasion to issue a large number of invitations, the majority of which being accepted, the working people did not shine out in such conspicuous prominence as might otherwise have been the case. Nevertheless, they were present in large numbers, and with their friends and relatives were scattered over the ground circus, and the surrounding raised seats which constitute the amphitheatre.

The intentions of those in authority at Kensington Gore were doubtless unimpeachable; but if, as I have good reason to believe, the chief object in allowing Messrs. Lucas Brothers to entertain their workmen was to gain some experience as to the musical fitness of the Royal Albert Hall, a worse expedient, in my opinion, could not possibly have been hit upon. So far as I can learn, music is to play a considerable part in the great scheme; and the Royal Albert Hall is designed, among other things, to show that a way exists of providing the English public with such musical performances as the English public were never provided with before. If the bigness of an arena, in comparison with the bigness of other arenas, may be accepted as a test of superiority, the Royal Albert Hall, in future undertakings, is likely to supersede every other hall. We have had no building for musical performances capable of holding half as many people. The Crystal Palace, it is true, must be excepted; but the gigantic exhibitions to which, under the name of "Handel Festivals," we have been accustomed since 1857, are things apart, occurring only once in three years. The genuine performances to which the Crystal Palace owes its well-earned musical fame are those given, Saturday after Saturday, from October in one year to April in another, in the commodious music-room which has a just title to be considered the most classical, if not, indeed, the *one* classical spot in that unique edifice, where nearly everything besides, in a greater or less degree, means "shop." The Handel Festivals cannot safely be taken as precedents; I am convinced, indeed, that anywhere else than in the Crystal Palace they would prove failures. And yet such a building as the Royal Albert Hall can hardly in its musical capacity be intended for entertainments on the ordinary scale. If the contrary, however, be the case, and if such a performance as that to which 7,000 people were treated on Saturday may be accepted as an average specimen of what the public have to expect, I can only say, so much the worse for the Royal Albert Hall. I am not unmindful that the musicians on this occasion were amateurs. I refer to the character not to the quality of the performances.

Admitting that what occurred on Saturday was projected simply as a test of the capabilities of the hall, even then I insist that the whole thing was a mistake, and that the capabilities of the hall were not by any means tested. Surely an object of such serious importance was worth taking seriously into consideration. The Messrs. Lucas might have treated their workmen to a concert on their own account; and I do not wish to insinuate that such a programme as that of Saturday was not, more or less, one just suited for the object contemplated. Further than this it signified nothing. What, for instance, did it comprise? The overtures to *Masaniello* and *Oberon*, the march from *Tannhäuser*, a set of waltzes by Gungl, and two movements from the overture to *Guillaume Tell*, entrusted to an orchestra composed of amateurs. The remainder of the programme consisted of vocal music, contributed by two ladies, one of whom has a nice voice and sings respectably. Now, even supposing this selection attentively listened to, little could have been gathered from it. But it was not attentively listened to; and, or I am greatly mistaken, by the majority of the "seven thousand" it was scarcely listened to at all. Whether the workmen of Messrs. Lucas were eager auditors I am unable to assert; probably they did manage to hear the songs, which were received with extraordinary applause, and two of which were encored; but that the "politer" among the 7,000 heard anything in particular I am indisposed to admit. In short, listening attentively was out of the question, the noise of tongues busily wagging and the noise of feet busily tramping was so incessant. I did my utmost to discover what the orchestra was about; but there was so much echo that it seemed to me occasionally as though two orchestras were playing, one upon the heels of the other. This, at all events, was the effect in the upper tier of boxes, the balcony, and the topmost corridor (the Picture Gallery).

Down stairs, in the amphitheatre, and more especially in the circus, it was all confusion; not a single phrase came out clearly: it seemed to me as though an orchestra was playing somewhere up in a balloon. A writer in the *Observer* says that, "notwithstanding the buzz of human voices and the tramp of human feet," "every note of the vocalization and pianoforte accompaniments could be distinctly heard in every part of the immense auditorium." This writer must have the ears of a serpent. I traversed the "auditorium" from top to bottom, from side to side, from centre to extremities; but all I could manage to hear distinctly anywhere was a very small modicum of that which must really have been sung and played. In the last movement of "Farewell, ye limpid streams," I fancied (from my then place in the lower box corridor) that I was listening to a good many wrong notes; but, under the circumstances, I should be loth to accuse the amateur accompanist, whoever he may be, of having played them.

Not further to occupy your space, I will conclude with saying that an experiment like that of Saturday should have been more gravely dealt with. Amateurs were altogether out of place; and so, by the way, were the workmen of Messrs. Lucas. There are proper occasions for all things—occasions when the "Wandering Minstrels" may play in public to some good purpose—occasions when to provide a number of mechanics and labourers with an agreeable entertainment is an excellent thing; but on Saturday, when the acoustic properties of a new and important building were to be tried the occasion was fit for neither one nor the other. So well, indeed, as I can judge by the experience derived from this performance, the Royal Albert Hall may be the best or the worst hall for music ever built.

Feb. 27.

#### WAIFS.

Mr. Bateman has taken the Lyceum Theatre.

The legitimate drama flourishes in Salt Lake City.

It is again proposed to build an Operahouse in Washington.

Mr. T. W. Robertson's executors are Messrs. Boucicault and Tom Hood.

The history of the Handel and Haydn Society of Boston, U.S., is in preparation.

*Joan of Arc*, Mr. Tom Taylor's historical play will be shortly produced at the Queen's.

We hear that Madame Anna Bishop is writing her Memoirs. She will have much to tell.

The Adelphi Theatre, Boston, has been destroyed by fire. It was owned by Mr. John Stetson.

The death of Mr. Leo Schuster is announced. Mr. Schuster was well known as a liberal patron of the musical profession.

Mr. John Harrison, a well-known and highly esteemed professor of music at Deal, died suddenly at his residence on Tuesday week.

A dress concert in aid of the distressed French peasantry will be given on Thursday, March 16, in the new large hall of the Bow and Bromley Institute.

An original opera called *Blanche*, composed by Mr. Joseph Porter, the libretto by Mrs. J. C. Woods, was recently performed at Bridgeport, Conn., by resident artists.

*Perichole*, *Les Brigands*, *Grand Duchess*, and *Barbe Bleue*, with Silly, Thal, Aimee, and Persini, in the principal characters, are running at the Grand Operahouse, New York.

On Friday evening, February 3rd, after the close of the performance the *employés* of Booth's Theatre presented Mr. Edwin Booth with a handsome silver service, as a token of their affection and esteem.

One of the most interesting events of the season will be the appearance of the Princess Emma Matchinsky, whose beauty and accomplishments made her famous in Paris, at a concert on March 7th, at St. James's Hall, when she will be assisted by Mr. Sims Reeves, Mdlle. Liebhart and others.

Clara Louise Kellogg has "struck ill." She visited Titusville, Pa., on the 5th ult., and was so delighted with her reception and its net results that she declared herself the happiest of mortals and distributed oculatory favours to guests of the Crittenden House after the close of her concert.

Mr. Barnum's wonderful menagerie (says a New York paper) will soon set forth on its career of triumph. It will comprise not only a circus but a menagerie, and not only a menagerie but a museum, and not only these but troops of jugglers, gymnasts, and other experts of distinction, so that nothing ever seen of a peripatetic character will have begun to equal it.

Mr. Jerome Hopkins, at his fourth "Orpheon Fund Concert," kept a select audience in a roar. The introduction into his programme of *thirty-one of his own compositions!* was more than their risible faculties could bear.

W. H. Payne, the pantomimist, has performed before George IV., William IV., Queen Adelaide, Queen Victoria, Prince Albert, the Emperor Napoleon, the Empress (all in state), the Duke of Saxe-Coburg (in the *Great Bed of Ware*), the Prince of Wales, the Duke of Edinburgh, and (in *The Sleeping Beauty*) to a third generation.

The magnificent theatre in Santiago, Chili, erected by the municipality at a cost of 500,000 dols., was totally destroyed by fire on the night of the 8th of December. The fire broke out after the audience, considerably above 2,000 persons, who had attended the Patti concert, had withdrawn, or a frightful loss of life would have resulted. The machinist and a lieutenant of the salvage corps were burnt to death, and three or four other persons were missing.

A certain lecturer quoted the Miltonic couplet:

But come thou goddess, fair and free,

In Heaven yelep'd Euphrosyne:

and had the pleasure of reading, the next morning the following stenographic transformation:

But came that Goddess fair and free,

In Heaven she crept, and froze her knee.

The model of Shakspeare's House, at Stratford-on-Avon, was found to be a very great attraction at the Crystal Palace. Their experience in this respect, has, probably, induced the directors to purchase the Swiss Chalet that was presented to Mr. Charles Dickens by Mr. Fechter, and in which the deceased novelist passed so many literary hours. We understand that this Chalet will shortly be exhibited in its entirety at the Crystal Palace, where, doubtless, it will attract thousands of Dickens's admirers.

The death of Mr. J. E. Roe, who was so long connected with the Brighton Sacred Harmonic Society has caused much regret among his friends. His funeral was largely attended. The services, chiefly choral (the Rev. Mr. Purchas reading the lessons), concluded with the hymn, "Angels of Jesus," set to music by the deceased. A memorial sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Purchas on Sunday evening at St. James's Chapel. Mr. James Roe, brother to the deceased, was organist. At the conclusion the Dead March in *Soul* was played on the organ.

Theatrical representations were not entirely suspended in Paris during the siege. Performances were given every Friday and Sunday at the Théâtre Français. The actors all appeared in uniform, and the actresses in black. In the *Mariage de Figaro* the Countess who has changed dresses with her maid is mistaken by the Count for Suzanne. No change of dress being perceptible, the error of the Count appeared droll. The performances commenced in the afternoon and were continued by candle light. *Andromaque* and other classic pieces were the favourites, though *proverbes* of Alfred de Musset were given.

After a brilliant series of performances, the engagement of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Mathews at the Theatre Royal, Melbourne, has terminated. These gifted artists, who have been delighting Australian theatrical *habitués* for the last eight months with their full round of comedy, farce, and burlesque, took their farewell of a Melbourne audience on Christmas-eve, and purpose, it is understood, returning home by the next Californian mail. A new era in the dramatic history of these colonies will date from the visit of Mr. Charles Mathews. He has been received everywhere, almost without exception, with enthusiasm. The result of his performances, cannot fail to display itself in the communication of a better tone to the colonial stage; and while the "Mathews' manner" is regarded as a recognized standard of excellence in the particular range of characters associated with the name of the first living English comedian, the stage will suffer no serious declension.

A grand morning musical festival is announced to take place to-day at the Royal Alhambra Palace, in aid of the French Benevolent Society, and of the French Hospital and Dispensary—two institutions which have for years afforded great relief to distressed foreigners in London, and whose resources have been severely taxed by the miseries resulting from the late war. Among the many distinguished artists who have promised their services are Mdlle. Viardot, Mdlle. Lemmens-Sherrington, Mdlle. De Méric-Lablache, Mdlle. Haydée Abrek, Mdlle. Blanche Gottschalk, Mdlle. Cornelia D'Anker, Mdlle. Calderon, Signor Urio, M. Jules Lefort, Signor Boretti, Signor Bellini, Signor Delle-Sedie, Mdlle. Clara Gottschalk, Mdlle. Vittoria de Bono, M. Sainton, Signor Bottesini, and M. Delahaye. M. Gounod has kindly consented to conduct some pieces of his own composition. In addition to this, Mdlles. Hortense and Elise Damain, and La Petite Camille, who recently appeared at Drury Lane, will give several recitations. M. Rivière and his celebrated band will also contribute their services, Signor Arditi acting as conductor.

## Times for Music.

## THE BANKS OF THE RHINE.

(Specially commended to German musicians.)

Mine name is Hans Bertram von Snoozle von Slizzle  
(Which name you'll allow sounds remarkably fine),  
Grand Duke of an Empire in Deutschen, called Swizzle,  
Quite two acres of land on the banks of the Rhine.

Full six months ago, in mine lieb Vaterland,  
I was eating polonie and drinking bad wine;  
But now I'm in Paris, and doing the grand,  
And I don't think I care for the banks of the Rhine.

I left Vaterland not a Kreutzer in pocket,  
I travelled fourth class, but I did not repine;  
For I knew that in France with franc pieces I'd stock it,  
Which are sadly required on the banks of the Rhine.

But now, "Thanks to goodness," I truly may say,  
I'll soon be well off, or the fault won't be mine;  
You'll own it's but just to make parlez-vous pay  
My expenses to France, from the banks of the Rhine.

Since I left Vaterland, you may stare to be told,  
Napoleons I've captured nine hundred and nine;  
Have twice sacked a church, prigged some watches of gold,  
Superior far to the Watch on the Rhine.

And now, I'm in hopes to add to my glory, a  
Crowning conclusion, majestic and fine;  
Wed an English Princess, or perhaps Queen Victoria,  
Then de Teufel may take to the banks of the Rhine.

—Free Lance.

HAMBURG.—Herr Julius v. Bernuth, conductor of the Philharmonic Concerts, is dangerously ill.

ANTWERP.—Shortly after the death of Albert Grisar, some of his admirers here determined on erecting a statue of him. This statue, which is of white marble, and the work of M. de Braekebe, will stand in the vestibule of the Théâtre Royal. It was to be unveiled for the first time on Friday, March 3rd, and the pieces selected for performance—*Bonsoir, M. Pantalón; Le Chien des Jardinier; and Gille Ravisseur*—were all Grisar's.

## MUSIC RECEIVED FOR REVIEW

DUFF & STEWART.—"Angels," song, by Gertrude Holmes Andrews; "The Adieu," song, by Mrs. J. Holmes Andrews.  
B. WILLIAMS.—"Appeal for Peace," composed by W. Lockett.  
SCHOTT & CO.—"The Faithless Vow," ballad, by Margot Sagrini.  
DUNCAN DAVIDSON & CO.—"The Mariner," song, by L. Diehl; "Waiting," song, by Elisabeth Perowne.

## Advertisements.

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OVERTURE	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
INTRODUCTION e Coro, "Che si fa"	-	-	-	-	-	-	-
ARIA, con Coro, ALI BABA, "Oh Spettacolo che incanta"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
"Also arranged as Solo	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
ROMANZA, DELIA, "Non e il poter"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
"Also arranged in lower Key	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
DUO, ALI BABA e ABOUL, "D'immenso Giubilo"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
TRIO, DELIA, ALI BABA, e ABOUL, "Esultiamo"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
DUO, DELIA e NADIR, "Ah! Dal Giorno"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
TRIO, DELIA, NADIR, e ALI BABA, "Partirò se l'affanno"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
ROMANZA, NADIR, "Lunge da te"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
"Also arranged in lower Key	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
FINALE, Act I., March and Chorus, &c.	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
CORO, Soprani, "O come è bello"	-	-	-	-	-	2	6
ARIA e RECIT., DELIA, "O Nadir compagno fido"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
DUETTINO, DELIA e ABOUL, "Parlo, imponi"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
QUARTETTE, "Nadir! lui stesso!"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
DUO, DELIA e NADIR, "Sei di dunque"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
DUO, NADIR e ALI BABA, "Nella prossima"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
MARCH e CORO, "Alla leggiadra"	-	-	-	-	-	2	6
FINALE, Act II., "Sarebbe mai vero?"	-	-	-	-	-	10	6
BALLATA, NADIR	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
TRIO, "Ratti voliam sull'orme"	-	-	-	-	-	2	6
TERZETTO, "Serena la fronte"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
CORO, "Compagni a cavallo"	-	-	-	-	-	2	6
ARIA e RECIT., DELIA "In questa grotta"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
ARIA, ALI BABA, "Oh prodigio!"	-	-	-	-	-	5	0
FINALE, Act III.	-	-	-	-	-	9	0
CORO, SOPRANI, "Gloria al Profeta"	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
QUINTETTO, "E troppo l'angoscia"	-	-	-	-	-	5	0
TERZETTO, con Coro, "Chi va là"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
VALSE, ALI BABA e DELIA, con Coro, "Se un bicchier"	-	-	-	-	-	4	0
"Se un bicchier," arranged as Solo	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
"E l'ebbrezza." Sung by Mdle. Calisto	-	-	-	-	-	3	0
FINALE, "Ma ch'è ciò?"	-	-	-	-	-	2	6

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